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My Sweetheart.

I have a sweet heart true,
She's a widow now, and she's too
Shy to let me see her mother's view,
And so I will say no more.

Before the world she knows me,
She's always smiling, with bold, bold
And yet I love you very much—
And still I love you very much—

She's got a smile of golden glow,
Her bright blue eyes with blushing skin,
Her soft lips upon the pale face,
She makes me feel like half divine.

Her laughter echoes through the place,
And life is with a gay mind!

She leaves God's creation on her face;
Leave her face to me!

Leave her face to me!

She gives me with the early day,
And life lies here for me to press;

She wins me the cold day nows away,
With love, and glee, and care,

And life is with the little hand of gold,

And watch the golden hands at rest—

Leave her face to me!

She always loves the simple life,
She loves the quiet life of grace,

She loves not of the outer earth,
She loves not the world she sees.

Her heart is full of love—
Leave her face to me!

Truth always comes to her—
Leave her face to me!

Leave her face to me!